

THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

G. B. DEAN & CO., PUBLISHERS.....NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1845.....LAWRENCE LABREE, EDITOR.



THE above is a copy from an engraving stereotyped in a bituminous composition, from which one hundred thousand impressions, almost as fine as steel, may be taken without injuring the plate. The invention, or discovery, is that of a Frenchman, who sent the above plate, as a specimen of the art, to the Messrs. Harpers of this city, who have generously given us the use of it for the Rover. The patent for this country, we understand, is for sale.

As for the story of the engraving, it is probable that the gentleman addressing the monk has slain his man in a personal encounter, and now seeks security from the fury of his adversary's friends. The scene is probably at that period when a monastery or convent was a secure asylum for those who had committed some offence against the laws, as power did not exist to drag the offending person from his retreat.

ANTHONY FORSTER: A BORDER STORY.

BY R. BERNAL.

On a cheerless and bitter evening of the month of February, 1570, a small party of travelers, consisting of a lady and her two attendants, departed from the hostelry of the Rose, in the city of Carlisle, taking the direction of the high road which led toward Scotland. After clearing the gates of the city, their guide, who had ridden in front some little distance, suddenly returned, and as silently as possible conducted his charge down a narrow lane, branching off from the highway. No surprise was expressed by the lady or her servants, at the conduct of their guide. Their course now

led over the difficult bridle-paths of an extensive wood, from whose intricacies they were enabled, by very persevering exertion only, to extricate themselves. After full four hours of continued toil and difficulty, they dismounted at the massive outer gate of a considerable building—an immense castellated and fortified baronial hall, and even at that period, of some antiquity. Detached guards were stationed in different parts of the interior, while the courts and galleries swarmed with hardy, though undisciplined retainers, passing to and from their quarters. Every ap-

pearance betokened that some important and coming event, out of the usual routine of life, was near at hand, for the array of armed followers on the present occasion, was far too remarkable to admit of their being regarded as the ordinary followers of any subject, even of the highest rank. In fact, the place of this armed assemblage was the Castle of Naworth, situate in Cumberland, some dozen miles or so, distant from Carlisle.

Upon the arrival of Bertha Ratcliffe, the fair traveler, at Naworth, she was not a little surprised at the display of warlike preparations that met her eyes. On the following morning she was visited by Father Oswald, the chaplain of Naworth, a priest of benignant and prepossessing manners, who informed her that her kinsman Morton, whom she had found at the castle, prostrated by heavy, bodily sickness, had benefited by her company the evening before, and that the surgeon attending him had faint hopes of his recovery. Father Oswald added, that the patient appeared to have some wishes connected with Bertha, very anxiously at heart, and he gently recommended to her to ascertain the nature of the same, that, if possible, she might gratify them, and thereby, perhaps, confirm and accelerate his eventual recovery.

In the course of the day, Leonard Dacre, the lord and occupier of Naworth, though greatly occupied and harassed as he was, with his various councils and arrangements, yet found time to visit the fair Bertha, and to offer her every mark of respectful courtesy and attention in his power. And Dacre did not omit to try his skill in argument, for the purpose of persuasion, to gain, in the person of Bertha, another convert to the cause of the projected insurrection. Bertha's estates were considerable, the savings of her minority large, and thereby capable of affording the material sinews of stirring enterprise; moreover, Bertha's alliance would be no small prize, to hold out as a reward to any one of the more zealous and promising leaders of the insurrection.

When Bertha next visited her ailing kinsman, he, in reply to her inquiry, expressed in kind and affectionate language, that the dearest wish of his heart was to live to see her happily established, and united in marriage to one deserving of her, and solemnly adjured her to promise that she would never marry any one but a Catholic.

Other interviews took place between Bertha, Father Oswald, and Morton Ratcliffe, from which it was evident, that some plan had been already set on foot for bringing about a union between the youthful heiress and Sir Skipton Markham, a gentleman of ancient family, but of small estate, in Westmoreland, who had rendered good service to the Dacre party, and who was then at Naworth, actively and warmly engaged in all the councils and contrivances of the insurrection then in progress.

Bertha's residence at Naworth proved a source of much pain and suffering to her; her uncle had experienced a relapse, and was rapidly sinking, and as he became worse, he still urged her, with the most pressing importunities, to consent to a marriage with Sir Skipton Markham.

On the death of Morton Ratcliffe, shortly after, it was found that, by his testamentary directions, he had exercised the power he held as guardian, by making the marriage a positive condition with

respect to his ward's inheritance, as far as he was able so to do.

The month of February was running on, and Bertha's situation was one surrounded with danger and difficulty. Although treated with every outward and formal respect at Naworth, yet she felt, upon the death of her uncle, that she was, as it were, a prisoner there. This castle was now filled with detachments from the levies of the wild tenantry of the border country. The courts resounded with the rude and appalling tumult of military armament. All were in a state of uncontrolled excitement, and half-savage eagerness for the issue of the coming fray and contest.

When the unhappy Bertha applied to Leonard Dacre, after her uncle's funeral, to enable her to commence her journey homeward, he very politely, but decisively, threw every obstacle in her way; informing her, that in the state of the surrounding country, there was no security whatever for an unprotected female traveling toward the metropolis; that the northern counties were filled with wandering parties of lawless soldiery, taking, or pretending to take service under the banners of either party; that, without a strong escort, it would be madness to attempt venturing without the gates of Naworth; and from the expectation of immediate hostilities, it was out of his power to grant her any escort whatever. When Dacre could spare time to enter into any prolonged discourse with his fair guest, he never suffered the opportunity to pass, without proffering very openly his advice, to her, to obey the dying injunctions of her late uncle; and, in fact, he not only pointedly alluded to the conditions imposed by the will of Morton Ratcliffe, but resorted to every argument and persuasion, to prevail upon her to consent to an immediate union with Sir Skipton Markham.

Bertha, in despair, appealed to the chaplain, Father Oswald, for counsel and protection. But her appeal was not productive of any efficient relief; the worthy priest was powerless; and moreover, confessed that, in truth, he believed any attempt to leave Naworth, would, on her part, prove fruitless and perilous.

Bertha Ratcliffe's female attendant, Alice, who had accompanied her upon the journey, had lived with her mistress from the period of infancy; indeed, she was her foster-sister. A warm and devoted attachment existed on the part of Alice toward her mistress; and naturally, in her grief and perplexity, Bertha, who placed every confidence in the maiden, applied to her for advice and assistance. Alice, who was a girl of sound and useful sense, informed her that she had already thought of a plan, whereby some attempt might be made, to extricate them from the duress under which they were placed. Alice was thoroughly acquainted with all her mistress's secrets, and with certain passages in her lady's life, over which, they had oftentimes held frequent and confidential communication. There was a certain young Catholic officer in the queen's service, named Philip Dormer, of great and deserved reputation for his years, who had long been the favored suitor of Bertha. It was currently believed, that in the troops of Elizabeth which had taken the field, and were marching into Cumberland, under the generalship of the Lord Hundson,

Philip Dormer held a command. Alice hinted to her mistress, that if means could be found for the safe conveyance of a letter to Dormer, he might be prepared to devise some scheme for their speedy release from the painful restraint imposed upon them.

In reply to the questions, which Bertha rather incredulously addressed to her attendant, as to the possibility of the proposed plan, Alice confessed, that among the retainers in service at Naworth, there was one Anthony Forster, formerly in the late Morton Ratcliffe's employ, whom she had known for many years, and to whom she was bound by ties of plighted affection. She described her lover as being a man of kind and honest feelings, and of bold and unflinching character. Alice added the expression of her conviction, that although Forster had, as an avowed retainer of Morton Ratcliffe, formerly taken service with the party espoused by his master, yet, that on the decease of the latter, he did not feel himself bound by any imperative obligation to follow the banners of Leonard Dacre. Alice, therefore, proposed to sound Forster, and to ascertain whether he would or could venture, in any way, to attempt the conveyance of some communication to Captain Philip Dormer. Bertha Ratcliffe gave a ready acquiescence to the suggestion of her maiden, with many expressions of gratitude for her valuable aid.

It was not long before Alice put her plan into execution. Her influence over her admirer was considerable, and with true feminine tact, she made that influence peculiarly available. Indeed, Forster himself had no great relish or wish to take service any longer with the insurgents, now that his master was no more. Many of his own connections and friends were adherents (in their humble situations) of Elizabeth; and there was not any particular bias on his mind, to rouse his enthusiasm in favor of a rebellion against his lawful queen. Forster, who was very intelligent for his station, and had been trusted by his late master on many matters of importance, heard all that was going on, and was acquainted with all the rumors of the day. He had told Alice of the approaching march of Lord Hundson, and of his being accompanied, among other officers, by Philip Dormer. Forster, in answer to Alice's requests and entreaties, avowed his readiness to assist her and her young mistress; but he stated the great difficulty would be, in his getting clear of Naworth, and of the Dacre followers.

Several interviews and conversations passed between Alice and her lover, upon the scheme so entertained by them; and it was finally arranged that he should be entrusted with a letter to Philip Dormer. The last meeting between them took place in one of the lower vaulted halls in the castle of Naworth. Alice placed the letter of her mistress in his hands, Forster having informed her that an unexpected and favorable chance was open to him, he having been ordered to accompany a small party of borderers on a reconnaissance in the direction of the county of Durham, as to the numbers and movements of some small levies made on behalf of the queen, and which were on their route to join the main body under the Lord Hundson. Forster then communicated to his fair companion, that he should

watch for a convenient opportunity, when out with the party, to quit them unawares, and to make the best of his way afterward to the quarters of the royal forces. Forster, though hardy and resolute, was alive to the difficulties of his position. He did not attempt to conceal from the weeping and terrified Alice, the dangers of the part he was about to take. Alice, divided and oppressed by the conflicting feelings of attachment to her mistress, and of affection for her lover, could only reply by sighs and tears. She hung sadly and silently on the shoulder of the faithful and daring retainer, who bade her a painful farewell, preparatory to his departure, which was fixed for the same evening.

Plans and arrangements, however well devised and considered, are oftentimes marred and interrupted by singular imprudence and forgetfulness. In the present instance, when these communications passed between Alice and her lover, they either forgot, or did not notice, that in a court outside, and not very far removed from the open window of the hall, a man-at-arms, one of those in the pay of Dacre, was seated, apparently waiting for his turn and routine of duty. This soldier could not fail to be a witness of the interview between the lovers, and it might be uncertain, how much, if any, he had overheard of their discourse. However, Alice returned without any interruption to her mistress's apartment, to report the result of the proceedings; and Forster, without any interference, resumed his final preparations for the expedition on which he was ordered.

The bustle and animation within the walls of Naworth were hourly increasing. Fresh arrivals of irregular soldiery were constantly taking place, and many of the rough, stalwart, and lawless gentry and tenantry of the borders, were added to their numbers. The castle could not contain them all, and numbers were compelled to take up temporary quarters in the vicinity, and there, shift as well as they could, in despite of the season of the year, and other discomforts. The great hall and banqueting-room were filled by the reckless leaders and gentry, who, under Dacre, were the main supporters of the rising. Sir Skipton Markham, under the auspices of Dacre, had never ceased to pay his suit to the imprisoned heiress, continually, since the last offices had been rendered to her late uncle; and though all the courtesies and forms of the polite demeanor of the day, were observed toward Bertha, and she was never asked or expected to be present at the daily carousings of the inmates of Naworth, she still found herself under the necessity of occasionally admitting to her own reception-rooms, the Lord of Naworth, and his constant companion, Markham. The unhappy lady well knew that Leonard Dacre was not a man over-scrupulous in his ways, or one to be trifled with. On the death of his nephew, the last youthful heir of Naworth, Leonard had summarily possessed himself by force, of the inheritance and domains, without any respect or consideration for the claims of his nieces, the surviving sisters of the late lord. And, indeed, Dacre now appeared disposed to treat the rights of the fair Bertha with just as little consideration. The times were those of lawless might; and in the general confusion that prevailed locally in the north, it was the rule

of the strong and resolute, which ensured to itself, the obedience of fear and compulsion. More than once, on the occasion of some energetic remonstrances on the part of Bertha, Leonard Dacre had, in determined and solemn language, declared that the duress, under which she was placed, should never cease, until she were the wife of, or at least affianced to Skipton Markham.

The hours wore gloomily and tediously away with Bertha Ratcliffe. A new and exciting subject of anxiety mingled itself with her other cares and perplexities. The hazardous and uncertain undertaking committed to Anthony Forster, and the doubts and fears of its possible, and even probable failure, harassed her mind and thoughts. It was at rather an advanced hour of the night, as Bertha was in vain endeavoring to seek some distraction, by reading, from her painful fancies, when her maiden Alice suddenly presented herself, crying bitterly, and in a state of extreme agitation. Bertha's most aggravated fears appeared now likely to receive confirmation. Alice, in the accents of agony and alarm, informed her, that by some singular mischance their scheme had been discovered and frustrated, though Forster had acted with perfect faith and decision; that he had endeavored to make his escape, but that pursuit having been hotly and without delay kept up, he would be, ere long (if not already), a prisoner, within the gloomy dungeons of Naworth, and his life would be certainly forfeited, according to the stern and ready law of the border. Alice was too much excited, to be able to detail more fully the whole particulars which she had heard; but she, in heartfelt distress, implored her mistress to do all in her power, to avert the cruel fate which was impending over the unfortunate Forster. Bertha, for the time, forgot her own perils and difficulties, in the sorrows and distress of her favorite Alice, tenderly soothing her agitated feelings, and attentively and anxiously entering into the consideration of every possible suggestion for the benefit of her lover.

The night passed on, but Bertha beset with new fears, anxieties, and grief, experienced little desire to retire to a wakeful bed. She was startled by a message, rather abruptly communicated to her, from Leonard Dacre, almost conveying a command for an immediate interview, in the event of her not having retired to rest. Fully convinced of the utter inutilty of opposing any such demand, and influenced by the pressing entreaties, to assent to it, on the part of Alice, Bertha made no objection whatever to the interview. Leonard Dacre soon made his appearance, in a state of unusual irritation. In language hardly restrained within the limits of common courtesy, and with a tone of violence in his demeanor and gestures, he accused the alarmed Bertha of treachery, and of the basest machinations against the lives and liberties of the inmates of Naworth. He directed the most angry expressions against her, for having taken an unworthy advantage of the rights of hospitality afforded to her, by tampering with the fidelity of Forster, and by finally seducing him from his allegiance, to the cause, which her late uncle had sworn to support with his blood and fortune. Dacre's accusations directly implicated Bertha, as being concerned in a

well-formed plot to betray the Castle of Naworth, and all it contained, through the agency of Forster, to the Lord Hunsdon, or the other commanders of the queen's forces. He condescended to inform her, that suspicions of the nature of the communication between Alice and Forster, had been entertained by a soldier who had witnessed their interview; and that Forster was suffered, designedly, to proceed upon the expedition alluded to, being strictly watched by others of the party; that on their leaving the castle, the letter to Philip Dormer was found upon and taken from Forster; who had been seized, and confined in the deepest dungeon of Naworth.

Bertha was too sensible of the hopelessness of her own position, to think for one moment of upbraiding her powerful persecutor, for his own tyrannical conduct and injustice toward her. She well knew that the menaces of the irritated and fierce Dacre, were not to be met with, in her case, by the language of contumely or resistance;—with comparative mildness, therefore, she attempted to deprecate his angry taunts and threats, and to arouse the better feelings of Dacre on behalf of the imprisoned retainer. But the chafed and vindictive leader swore by the most solemn oaths, that ere the next day's sun should reach its meridian, Forster should swing a lifeless corpse on the castle gibbet, unless Bertha Ratcliffe would subscribe to one condition, and to one condition alone. Leonard Dacre with more composure, but with equal determination of expression, declared, that the only terms, on which, the life of Forster would be spared, were, that Bertha should consent to be solemnly betrothed in the castle chapel, on the following morning by the hour of eleven, to his friend and companion-in-arms, Sir Skipton Markham. Having repeated this decision slowly and emphatically, Dacre withdrew, leaving the two females in a state of profound consternation and despair.

The remainder of the night was passed by them, in painful and distressing consultation. Bertha wished to have requested the presence, and perhaps the interference of Father Oswald; but he had long sincere tired to rest; and among all the other inmates of Naworth, there was not one, to whom she could apply, with the slightest hopes of assistance or advice. Many a pang of mental conflict did the unhappy lady endure, while witnessing the deep and harrowing grief of her faithful attendant. Bertha inwardly accused herself of having been the cause of the misfortune, which had overwhelmed Alice and her humble lover; and she mentally resolved to extricate them, by any sacrifices on her own part, from the catastrophe by which they were threatened, though she had doubts of the sincerity of the good faith of Dacre, as to the due observance of his announced conditions.

When the morning arrived, Father Oswald, in compliance with a summons for such purpose, repaired to the apartments of Bertha, and had a long and private conversation with her. The good priest was mild and beneficent in disposition, but declining in years, he was timid and irresolute, and withal, enthusiastic in the cause, which had stirred up the insurrection on the border. To all the urgent and affecting entreaties of Bertha, for his friendly and spiritual influence to

save the life of Anthony Forster, the old man replied, that his efforts, he felt too surely, could be of no avail; that the lord of the castle was one, who would admit of no control or expostulation to divert him from any determination, if once seriously formed; that the other fierce leaders were too much enraged at the prospect of the dangers of the intended treachery, to allow Dacre, even if he were so inclined, to be merciful in this instance. Much and more important matter of conversation had passed between the lady and the priest, when the latter took a kind and feeling leave, charged with a communication to Dacre, that at the stipulated hour of eleven, she would attend in the chapel, prepared to submit to the ceremony of betrothal to Sir Skipton Markham.

How rapidly, the intervening minutes between the close of this interview and the ominous period of eleven, appeared to fly! With faltering steps and tear-filled eyes, Bertha, attended by Alice and the aged priest, proceeded at the appointed hour to the chapel. Skipton Markham, Leonard Dacre, Dangerfield, and other gentlemen of note, principals in the northern outbreak, were already there. Their habiliments and weapons, fully prepared for the coming conflict, were little in unison with their present place of assemblage, or with the peaceful presence of a minister of their holy religion. There was the thoughtful and serious determination in the looks of some, the wild and overstrained flush of excitement in those of others, and the general rude and careless bearing of all, in contrast with the depression and pallid cheeks of the heiress of the Ratcliffes, and of her weeping foster-sister, and in opposition to the subdued and pious demeanor of Father Oswald. The momentary silence that prevailed in the chapel, was at length broken by Leonard Dacre calmly and emphatically demanding, if Bertha were prepared to consent to the fulfillment of her part of the condition agreed to. Bertha, in hurried and agitated accents, replied, that she was prepared to submit to the rule of force and compulsion, if the holy Father Oswald would declare that she was bound, and at liberty so to do.

Again the most entire silence reigned throughout the chapel, only interrupted by the wintry blast that moaned through its ancient windows—all were eager and attentive for the answer of Father Oswald. The old priest, after some little hesitation, in a low, but distinct voice, pronounced that there were obstacles to the betrothal, far too serious to be surmounted.

The astonishment and rage of Leonard Dacre, and indeed of his companions, at this unexpected declaration, could not be easily repressed. But mastering, for the moment, the stormy feelings which swayed his breast, he loudly required of the holy man, an explanation of this mystery. Father Oswald, slowly and clearly declared, that Bertha Ratcliffe was already, by the due and solemn rites of the Catholic church, betrothed to Philip Dormer; and of course, in the eyes of Heaven, an affianced bride. The anger of Dacre now escaped from all further restraint. With unbounded fury in his eye, and with hasty strides, he approached the altar of God, where, the priest, arrayed in his sacred vestments, was standing. Dacre, one hand on the pommel of

his sword, the other uplifted in fearful wrath, with many an imprecation, dared almost to threaten the minister of Christ, into an unhallowed compliance with his unlicensed wishes. But feeble and timid, as the aged priest had hitherto shown himself, zealous in the cause of the Naworth rising, as he truly was, yet the superiorities and reverence of the religion he professed, conferred on him the support of temporary strength and resolution. Mildly and firmly, he met the mad denunciations of Dacre, with calm and positive declarations of the utter impossibility, that such wishes or commands could be obeyed; adding, that though the solemn ceremony had been celebrated between Bertha and a declared enemy to their cause—Philip Dormer—still that person, being a Catholic in profession and practice, no earthly power could dissolve an obligation so contracted.

In vain the loud and almost blasphemous menaces of Dacre were continued, still further excited by the increasing murmurs of Markham and his friends. The priest quitted the chapel, followed by Bertha and Alice, listening with terror and agony to the words of Dacre, who swore that they should never quit Naworth, until they had been eye-witnesses of the death of Forster.

The heiress of the Ratcliffes and her foster-sister, when again in the privacy of their apartments, were too oppressed by grief, to think of anything but of the coming terrible event. They could not fail, however, to perceive, that additional precautions had been resorted to, to make their confinement more strict and decided. The windows of their chamber looked down upon the principal court of the castle, and in the midst of their sorrows, they could not resist the excitement of a painful curiosity, in endeavoring to discover, with many an anxious and frightened glance, if the event they so keenly feared, was then on the eve of approaching. Increased bustle and confusion were displayed in the court below. The running to and fro of armed parties, apparently to one general point of meeting, met their eager gaze; while the sounds of sudden and warlike orders, struck the alarmed ears of the two fair prisoners. More than ordinary military preparations and arrangements were in progress, but to their surprise, and timid hopes, there was not any sign or appearance of preparation for the execution of a prisoner. Hardly daring to breathe, they faintly congratulated each other, with tearful eyes, that at least, this last awful calamity had been apparently postponed or delayed. Gradually, the most perfect silence and quiet succeeded to the clangor of arms, and to the hurried tumult which had pervaded the courts and galleries of the castle. The building seemed suddenly deserted; and Bertha and her companion strained their eyes to the utmost, without being able to spy any guards or military retainers remaining in the courts below.

But what was really the probable fate of Anthony Forster? Was his impending and violent death on the eve of taking place, or was it, by a refinement of cruelty, delayed to another day? No, my gentle readers, Forster was by this time in perfect security, and laughing in scorn at the imagined rage and disappointment of Leonard Dacre, but greatly impatient and excited at the

thought of the situation, in which, his sweet-heart and her mistress were placed.

Anthony Forster was no prisoner in the dungeons of Naworth, or in those of any other fearful stronghold. He was now a bold and unfettered soldier in the pay of Queen Elizabeth, and attached to the company and person of Philip Dormer.

When Forster was suffered, by the connivance of his superiors and subordinates at Naworth, to issue from the gates of the castle, he was not unmindful of the awkwardness of his task, though he was unconscious of the secret watch kept over him, by his companions. When but at a little distance from Naworth Castle, he was suddenly surrounded by the rest of the party and disarmed, while his garments were carefully searched, and the letter he bore to Philip Dormer, was abstracted from him. The party sent on the expedition, was a very small one, and lightly armed, for the objects of dispatch. They were preparing to bind the arms and shoulders of Forster, when he, not losing his presence of mind or courage, by a sudden effort, and by the exercise of superior strength and activity, hurled the most powerful man of the party to the ground, and bounding like a roebuck, from the astonished retainers, he soon cleared a considerable space in advance of them. The gate, from which they had originally taken their departure, was a postern one, at the back, or northern part of Naworth; at a very short distance from this gate, the ground rose into high, rocky, and precipitous cliffs, below which, the river Irthing flowed in rapid and disturbed course. The ground was not only encumbered with rock, but also with underwood, and the trunks of aged forest trees. Forster was uncommonly hardy and active, and among the race of strong and muscular men, who then tenanted the wild border country, was distinguished by his personal feats of rustic prowess and daring. A determined, and immediate pursuit was instantly made, but the nature of the ground was favorable to the surprising exertions of Forster, and out of the whole of the limited pursuing party, only two men were at last enabled to keep him in sight. It was most fortunate for the fugitive, that his late companions were so lightly armed—they had nothing but their swords and bucklers; for if they had possessed the advantage of bows, or other missile weapons, it might soon have fared badly with Forster.

The continual, heavy snows and rains of a severe winter, had swollen the stream of the Irthing, into a body of tumultuous water. In many parts of its course, deep and boiling pools had been formed below the overhanging cliffs, far exceeding in depth, the common height of man. When the pursuit was at its most fearful stage, Forster had plunged boldly into one of these dangerous river holes. He was closely followed by his two pursuers. One who could not swim, was quickly engulfed in the eddying waters, while the other, abandoning his sword and buckler, gained the opposite bank, close upon the heels of Forster. Here, though unarmed and both greatly exhausted, they were soon engaged in a life-to-life trial of bodily strength and activity. All the tricks and contrivances of northern wrestling were resorted to, but the superior met-

tle or good fortune of Forster, was at last in the ascendant; and his wearied opponent was thrown violently by him, backward into the river Irthing, thence to make his way out in the best manner he could. His victor lost no time in taking to his heels, and making his course speedily in the direction of Durham. In the advance of night, he met with some of the scouts of the royal forces, and was taken by them to the main body, and by his desire to the quarters of Philip Dormer. Having made known his errand, it is almost needless to add, that he met with a most grateful welcome and reception. A council was held upon the information supplied by Forster; and it was resolved to advance immediately, for the object of surprising Dacre and the insurgents. We should remark, that Dacre, who had been aware of Forster's escape, had endeavored to entrap Bertha Ratcliffe by the false announcement of his having secured the person of Forster.

Wearily did the hours pass at Naworth. It was on the evening of the following day, the 22d of February, 1570, that some little renewed animation again occurred within the walls of Naworth. A few harassed, downcast and wounded men made their appearance in the courts below, trying to collect what moveables they could, together, preparatory to their flight from the castle. Father Oswald came to the two fair prisoners, and with anguish in his countenance and words, informed them that they would no longer be in duress. He bade them a long and painful farewell, as he was about leaving the castle, to seek secret shelter elsewhere, from the dangers to which he was exposed, from the approaching troops of the queen. He added, that Leonard Dacre, with the insurgent forces, had met the royal army under the Lord Hunsdon, on the banks of the river Gelt; that the borderers had been totally routed after a desperate struggle, that Dacre had escaped with some few of the leading gentry; Skipton Markham, and many others, having fallen on the field of battle.

On that very night, the troops under the Lord Hunsdon took possession of the Castle of Naworth, and Bertha Ratcliffe had the happiness of welcoming her beloved Dormer in peace and safety, while the delighted Alice repaid the bold and faithful Anthony Forster, for all his services and exertions, by her undisguised avowal of constant and entire affection.

THE TRAGEDIAN'S TRUNK.

ONE fine day in the summer of 1812, a short and very important looking gentleman was pacing backward and forward, in a state of great agitation, before the door of an inn at Naples; from time to time he placed his hand on his forehead with a look of despair, as if vainly endeavoring to bring forth a reasonable idea.

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried he, as the hostess passed him.

"What has happened to you, Signor Benevolo, that you distress yourself?" inquired the good woman.

"You ask me why I am in despair? Don't you know that it is the day after to-morrow I open

my theatre at Salerno, when I have engaged to give them tragedies?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then! I have a splendid company, a beautiful princess, with eyes like two black diamonds, and a voice fit only to utter the language of the most sublime poets."

"In that case, why do you complain?"

"I have also," added he, "a most admirable low comedian, a frightful face, as ugly as Sancho Panza himself, a visage which can laugh and cry at will; a perfect monster."

"Then why, I ask you, are you distressed?"

"Because I want an actor I cannot find, and without whom all my treasures becomes useless—a tragedian."

"How unlucky!" said the hostess.

"Unlucky, indeed," said the manager; "for without a tragedian all my golden dreams must vanish."

"I'll tell you what, Signor Benevolo," cried the hostess, whose eyes suddenly sparkled with joy, "I esteem you and wish you success, and therefore I'll give you what you want."

"What! a tragedian?"

"Yes, a tragedian! a young man in the town who has run away from his family to become an actor, who wants only the tragic dagger to make his fortune and that of his manager."

"How fortunate; kind, good hostess, bring him to me instantly."

She did not wait to be told a second time; in a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand a great fat boy.

"Here's your man, Signor."

"Man, do you call him," said the disappointed manager, looking at the chubby-faced youngster, who aspired to represent the Roman emperors and Italian tribunes; "why, he's only a lad."

"A lad that'll make his way in the world," replied the good woman, a little angrily; "hear him recite, and look how he stands—isn't it tragic?"

In truth the boy had begun to recite some of Dante's verses, and had placed the skirts of his threadbare coat by way of drapery.

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In less than an hour the young Luidgi had quitted Naples in company with Benevolo and his comedians.

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Benevolo rubbed his hands with delight; while Luidgi, dressed in the costume of the Roman emperors, was studying the most imperial attitude; already the treasurer counted the piles of money; all was joy and happiness—when, alas! the genius of evil cast her envenomed breath over his pasteboard castle of bliss, and the whole edifice crumbled into nothing. Six sbirri marched up to the debutant, and arrested him, by virtue of an order from H. M. Joachim Murat, who, for the moment, possessed the advantage of being King of Naples by the grace of his brother-in-law. The family of Luidgi had obtained this order, that he might be brought back to the Conservatoire of Music, where he was studying, before his flight, under the able direction of the celebrated *Maestro*, Marcello Parveno.

"Lord! Lord! did ever anybody see the like; to prevent a man's doing what he likes, and what he is so calculated to shine in," exclaimed Benevolo.

"Never mind, friend," said Luidgi, squeezing his hand; "I'll be a tragedian in spite of them."

"May be; but that wont restore my lost receipts."

"No; but I will when I am rich," answered the boy, struggling with the *gens d'armes*, who dragged him forcibly away.

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"You are a young rascal. You have left in my hands a trunk of no value. You will never be a tragedian. BENEVOLO."

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"You are an old fool; keep the trunk; in ten years I will pay you twenty times the sum you advanced me, with money I shall have gained in acting tragedy. LUIDGI."

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"Here, old boy," said Luidgi, who was now become of an enormous rotundity, "take this deed, which insures you 1200 francs a year for your life; it is the ransom of my trunk at Salerno."

thought of the situation, in which, his sweetheart and her mistress were placed.

Anthony Forster was no prisoner in the dungeons of Naworth, or in those of any other fearful stronghold. He was now a bold and unfettered soldier in the pay of Queen Elizabeth, and attached to the company and person of Philip Dormer.

When Forster was suffered, by the connivance of his superiors and subordinates at Naworth, to issue from the gates of the castle, he was not unmindful of the awkwardness of his task, though he was unconscious of the secret watch kept over him, by his companions. When but at a little distance from Naworth Castle, he was suddenly surrounded by the rest of the party and disarmed, while his garments were carefully searched, and the letter he bore to Philip Dormer, was abstracted from him. The party sent on the expedition, was a very small one, and lightly armed, for the objects of dispatch. They were preparing to bind the arms and shoulders of Forster, when he, not losing his presence of mind or courage, by a sudden effort, and by the exercise of superior strength and activity, hurled the most powerful man of the party to the ground, and bounding like a roebuck, from the astonished retainers, he soon cleared a considerable space in advance of them. The gate, from which they had originally taken their departure, was a postern one, at the back, or northern part of Naworth; at a very short distance from this gate, the ground rose into high, rocky, and precipitous cliffs, below which, the river Irthing flowed in rapid and disturbed course. The ground was not only encumbered with rock, but also with underwood, and the trunks of aged forest trees. Forster was uncommonly hardy and active, and among the race of strong and muscular men, who then tenanted the wild border country, was distinguished by his personal feats of rustic prowess and daring. A determined, and immediate pursuit was instantly made, but the nature of the ground was favorable to the surprising exertions of Forster, and out of the whole of the limited pursuing party, only two men were at last enabled to keep him in sight. It was most fortunate for the fugitive, that his late companions were so lightly armed—they had nothing but their swords and bucklers; for if they had possessed the advantage of bows, or other missile weapons, it might soon have fared badly with Forster.

The continual, heavy snows and rains of a severe winter, had swollen the stream of the Irthing, into a body of tumultuous water. In many parts of its course, deep and boiling pools had been formed below the overhanging cliffs, far exceeding in depth, the common height of man. When the pursuit was at its most fearful stage, Forster had plunged boldly into one of these dangerous river holes. He was closely followed by his two pursuers. One who could not swim, was quickly engulfed in the eddying waters, while the other, abandoning his sword and buckler, gained the opposite bank, close upon the heels of Forster. Here, though unarmed and both greatly exhausted, they were soon engaged in a life-to-life trial of bodily strength and activity. All the tricks and contrivances of northern wrestling were resorted to, but the superior met-

tle or good fortune of Forster, was at last in the ascendant; and his wearied opponent was thrown violently by him, backward into the river Irthing, thence to make his way out in the best manner he could. His victor lost no time in taking to his heels, and making his course speedily in the direction of Durham. In the advance of night, he met with some of the scouts of the royal forces, and was taken by them to the main body, and by his desire to the quarters of Philip Dormer. Having made known his errand, it is almost needless to add, that he met with a most grateful welcome and reception. A council was held upon the information supplied by Forster; and it was resolved to advance immediately, for the object of surprising Dacre and the insurgents. We should remark, that Dacre, who had been aware of Forster's escape, had endeavored to entrap Bertha Ratcliffe by the false announcement of his having secured the person of Forster.

Wearily did the hours pass at Naworth. It was on the evening of the following day, the 22d of February, 1570, that some little renewed animation again occurred within the walls of Naworth. A few harassed, downcast and wounded men made their appearance in the courts below, trying to collect what moveables they could, together, preparatory to their flight from the castle. Father Oswald came to the two fair prisoners, and with anguish in his countenance and words, informed them that they would no longer be in duress. He bade them a long and painful farewell, as he was about leaving the castle, to seek secret shelter elsewhere, from the dangers to which he was exposed, from the approaching troops of the queen. He added, that Leonard Dacre, with the insurgent forces, had met the royal army under the Lord Hunsdon, on the banks of the river Gelt; that the borderers had been totally routed after a desperate struggle, that Dacre had escaped with some few of the leading gentry; Skipton Markham, and many others, having fallen on the field of battle.

On that very night, the troops under the Lord Hunsdon took possession of the Castle of Naworth, and Bertha Ratcliffe had the happiness of welcoming her beloved Dormer in peace and safety, while the delighted Alice repaid the bold and faithful Anthony Forster, for all his services and exertions, by her undisguised avowal of constant and entire affection.

THE TRAGEDIAN'S TRUNK.

ONE fine day in the summer of 1812, a short and very important looking gentleman was pacing backward and forward, in a state of great agitation, before the door of an inn at Naples; from time to time he placed his hand on his forehead with a look of despair, as if vainly endeavoring to bring forth a reasonable idea.

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried he, as the hostess passed him.

"What has happened to you, Signor Benevolo, that you distress yourself?" inquired the good woman.

"You ask me why I am in despair? Don't you know that it is the day after to-morrow I open

my theatre at Salerno, when I have engaged to give them tragedies?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then! I have a splendid company, a beautiful princess, with eyes like two black diamonds, and a voice fit only to utter the language of the most sublime poets."

"In that case, why do you complain?"

"I have also," added he, "a most admirable low comedian, a frightful face, as ugly as Sancho Panza himself, a visage which can laugh and cry at will; a perfect monster."

"Then why, I ask you, are you distressed?"

"Because I want an actor I cannot find, and without whom all my treasures becomes useless—a tragedian."

"How unlucky!" said the hostess.

"Unlucky, indeed," said the manager; "for without a tragedian all my golden dreams must vanish."

"I'll tell you what, Signor Benevolo," cried the hostess, whose eyes suddenly sparkled with joy, "I esteem you and wish you success, and therefore I'll give you what you want."

"What! a tragedian?"

"Yes, a tragedian! a young man in the town who has run away from his family to become an actor, who wants only the tragic dagger to make his fortune and that of his manager."

"How fortunate; kind, good hostess, bring him to me instantly."

She did not wait to be told a second time; in a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand a great fat boy.

"Here's your man, Signor."

"Man, do you call him," said the disappointed manager, looking at the chubby-faced youngster, who aspired to represent the Roman emperors and Italian tribunes; "why, he's only a lad."

"A lad that'll make his way in the world," replied the good woman, a little angrily; "hear him recite, and look how he stands—isn't it tragic?"

In truth the boy had begun to recite some of Dante's verses, and had placed the skirts of his threadbare coat by way of drapery.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" cried Benevolo; "you will be admirable in Othello; you will make a superb Moor when your face is blacked; so give me your hand, my boy, I take you with me as first tragedian; I'll pay the expenses of your journey, and, as an encouragement, here's twenty gold ducats for pocket money until your debut; will that do for you?"

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"A sum like this! impossible. I cannot take it," said the ex-manager.

"Make your mind easy, old friend; since we met my fortune has grown with my *emboupoint*."

"You make me happy, Luidgi—there is only one thing which vexes me, and that is that you have not kept your promise, and are become a singer instead of a tragedian; but I suppose, as an old comedian, I must forgive this weakness of yours."

"You think, then, I have failed in my promise?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Here's an order for the Italian opera to-night; you will see me, and we will sup together afterward."

Benevolo did not fail; there he was in his stall, wild with delight, literally trembling with pleasure; for Luidgi played the part of the Doge in Othello, and at the moment the doge curses his daughter, Benevolo absolutely screamed, so excited were his feelings.

After the opera, Benevolo, in a state of feverish agitation, awaited Luidgi at the door of the theatre.

"Well," said Luidgi.

The ex-manager threw himself into his arms, exclaiming "*Tragico—oh, Tragico*," which were the only words he could utter; that same evening, taking Luidgi's hand, he said:

"Friend, until now I have never even asked your real name; but now that you are a celebrated artist, I would tell it to my friends in Italy; I would repeat it with my last breath; therefore from your own lips let me hear that name."

"LABLACHE," replied the singer, much affected.

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

WHAT though misfortune's lowering clouds

Awhile frown dark and drear,
And spread their shadows o'er the heart
Till every joyous thought depart,

Nor dare to linger near,
Despair not; let thy spirit rise
On Hope's ne'er failing wing;
And cleave the thick-appalling gloom,
That, like some soul-condemning doom,
Doth ever round thee cling.

Oh weary soul! aspire, arise
Above life's darksome vale;
Mount with an eagle-daring sweep
Where the pale stars of morning sleep,
And Sol's fierce eye doth quail—
Above the azure-vaulted sky,
Beyond Time's despot away,
Where grief, nor sorrow, nor despair,
Nor the heart-killing canker, care,
Can steal thy joy away.

SWEET REVENGE:

A STORY OF "THE WORLD."

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was one of those golden September days—fine and warm—which borrowing a glory from departing summer, yet sink betimes in the crimson and purple west, while the sun's last lingering

rays kindle sylvan scenery to every imaginable tint. Such was the sunset scene presented to Marian Walton's view on a certain evening; but though she loitered on the terrace, on to which the drawing-room windows of Walton Hall opened, some time after her companions had entered the house—and though, like many of the uninitiated, she had thought the day suggestive of higher enjoyments than the slaughtering of innocent partridges—it is possible that just then the glories of sky and foliage passed unheeded.

Marian Walton was a fair girl, of about twenty, with a profusion of rich brown hair, and eyes of the deepest blue, shaded by lashes much darker than her glossy ringlets; which same long lashes gave a peculiar softness to the expression of her countenance, and veiled the exceeding brilliancy of the eyes themselves. Strictly speaking, she was not beautiful—for the remaining features were not what are called regular—and yet there was so decided and pleasing a character in the face, that she was greatly admired. Her figure and movements were graceful, and her dress of rich mourning material was anything but unbecoming.

Thrice she paced up and down the terrace, one might fancy intentionally avoiding the windows, which, down to the ground, served for ingress; and yet, from beneath their long lashes, her eyes kept careful watch in that direction. Presently a young man looked out from one of the windows, and, seeing Miss Walton, stepped on to the terrace to join her. A blush rose to her cheeks, but though she scarcely looked up, her face sparkled with gladness, as she held out her hand. Rather as a second thought than from any impulse of tenderness, he raised it to his lips, and then passed his arm lightly round her waist.

"I have been wishing so much to see you alone, Marian," he said; "but it was so late when I arrived last night; and you know there was no getting off my taking a gun to-day."

Perhaps in her heart she had thought such a thing as "getting off" a day's shooting among possibilities; but hers was too true and confiding a love for it to be disturbed by mean jealousies and suspicions, and she pressed his hand gently as he said, "Dear Hamilton, at last we meet; and now tell me why you did not answer my long letter?"

By this time his arm was withdrawn from Marian's waist; he had dropped her hand, having somewhat shrunk from its light but significant pressure; and now they walked arm-in-arm, without any lover-like demonstration on the gentleman's part.

"Why, my dear girl," replied Hamilton Langley, "I had so much to say, I thought it better not to write. I do assure you, I have been very unhappy," he continued, twisting Marian's parasol, which he had taken from her, round and round without untiring perseverance; "I am sure one whole night I never closed my eyes with thinking what was best to be done."

"About what, Hamilton? What is the matter?"

"Why you see, my dear Marian—that is, I am sure you would believe what it would cost me to give you up;" and here the *ci-devant* adorer sighed; "but really I find there is no chance of

my father consenting—and I know you said yourself you would not marry me without his approval—and even if you would, I would not be so selfish as to bring you to poverty. And so—I know if people exercise their strength of mind they *do* get over these fancies. Why there is my godfather, Uncle Hamilton, was in love in his youth, with a Miss Cecilia Montague—now metamorphosed into Mrs. General Stubbs—and do you know I have heard them talk of their youthful days, and jest at their old flirtations, till fat Mrs. Stubbs shook all her false curls with laughing. Who knows, perhaps thirty years hence you and I may do the same? Now, don't you think it would be best for us to try and get over this foolish fancy for one another?"

The gentleman, having wound himself up to say his say, had talked himself almost out of breath; but, receiving no immediate answer, he continued, "We shall be capital friends, you know, Marian; but don't you understand what I mean?"

Twice had Marian essayed to speak; but a choking sensation in her throat stayed the words. Now, however, she answered with tolerable calmness: "Yes, I understand,—you no longer love me."

And truth to tell it was all her woman's heart had comprehended of his whole discourse. And yet in a moment she would have recalled the sentence if she could.

"How can you say that?" returned Hamilton Langley; "it is cruel of you to doubt my affection, because I see that you never can be mine."

"I see it, too, Hamilton; you are quite right—quite."

"Oh! it is such a relief to my mind that you see the affair in this light," replied he, almost in a joyous tone. "I was afraid it might come on you as a shock—that is—I mean—I thought"—And not really daring to say all his vanity prompted, he ventured to look down on Marian's face.

She felt his gaze upon her, and raised her eyes to his; her lips murmured, "What did you expect from me?"

But the eyes, in that one brief glance, told a heart's history. It was but for a moment, and his own sunk beneath them; for it was the encounter of Truth and Falsehood!

Marian Walton was an orphan; and without nearer kin than the uncle, her father's half-brother, with whose family she had been reared. As a child she had been so kindly nurtured that she had never felt her dependence, and as yet she was too ignorant of the world to comprehend that within the last two months, her dependence had assumed a positive and therefore very different form, to that of her childhood. Within two months an aged relative had died; one who having long out-lived his own immediate descendants, had been for the last twenty years duly watched and courted and flattered by nearly every one who could claim consanguinity with him. It was said that Marian's father had been the favorite among his several great-nephews, and rumor had talked loudly of his making the portionless girl his heiress; or at all events of the probability of his providing for her very handsomely. But there is not the smallest logical

proof that these probabilities or expectations could have influenced Mr. Walton in admitting his orphan and unprotected niece into his family and educating her with his own children. To be sure people did hint and surmise, but then we know gossips do not require proofs on which to build their stories. It would seem altogether to have been a fabric of conjectures, for when the old man died, behold he had left his property to Marian's uncle, not to Marian's self; either as a reward for that gentleman's dutiful attention to himself, and generous protection of Marian, or in accordance with a favorite doctrine of the rich, which inclines them to add money to a full purse, where, as they pleasantly observe, it is kept warm, and not send it to an empty one, which, in a similar strain of facetiousness, they compare to a sieve. Now the motive being buried with the secrets of the grave, it left open a fine field of conjecture for the indefatigable gossips, on which probably they are not yet agreed.

As for Marian Walton, her conduct will better develop her character than I can describe it. The wooing of Hamilton Langley, the rich merchant's son, had been after a fashion common enough in the world. Marian, the expected legatee of her rich relation, would have been an excellent match in the eyes of the Langley family; especially as her person and connections were unexceptionable. As for qualities of heart and mind, they were not taken into account at all; and many persons beside the Langleys are of opinion that in these particulars young ladies all belong to a certain regulation pattern. But the legacy once removed from the scale, everything else—the gentleman's honor included—was of a feather's weight compared to lead; and now came Hamilton's self-gratulation—not whispered even to the ear of his conscience, but eloquently expressed in action,—that his wooing had been cautious. There had appeared to him nineteen chances against the one event which had actually occurred, but he had provided for the odd twentieth.

When, months before he is introduced to the reader's acquaintance on the terrace of Walton Hall, he had assiduously sought to win Marian's heart, he had managed matters with such a quiet cleverness, that though "everybody" looked upon them as *fiancés*, "nobody" could state positively that the elders of their respective families had been called to the council and the treaty arranged with proper forms and ceremonies. Mr. Walton and his lady declined seeing the state of affairs for several weighty reasons; a good and sufficient one being that they did not choose to "commit themselves" by passing an opinion as to the probabilities of Marian's expectancies. If their niece were to be remembered in the old man's will, she would be certain to choose for herself, and might as well be young Langley's wife, as marry any one else; if to be left portionless, she would be well off their hands; but Mrs. Walton, having three daughters of her own, was far too busy to manœuvre for a niece. And choosing to be ignorant they dexterously avoided her confidence when twenty times she was on the point of revealing her secret. Poor girl!—in the full liberty they would have said they awarded her, she lost the protection and guidance, which as a right the young should claim from their elders, even

be they aliens and strangers. The Langleys, on the other hand, declined seeing because they had perfect confidence in the young diplomatist; the subject of Hamilton's engagement to Marian had never been mentioned between him and his parents, but in their heart of hearts they understood it exactly; and to judge from the easy manner in which he sundered the tie which bound him to the lady he had professed to love, it would seem they had not over-rated his diplomatic talent. It was a master-stroke, considering he was but three-and-twenty.

To Marian Walton the sundering of that tie had been the sudden wrench from all that life has of brightest and dearest. One little hour before, the thing would have seemed impossible; but the throng who denied Alexander never thought of his sword. Like many another she had embodied a sentiment—an idea in the form of her lover, but not the less certain for the time was the wreck of her peace. The shock indeed was one which if it do not utterly crush, the mind arises from its prostration wiser and stronger; but alas! for the bitter schooling, the fiery ordeal! Speaking of true sympathy, Shelley finds a beautiful simile when he says—

Thou wert unto my being
As a rich goblet to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty soil!

Alas! with how many is the "rich goblet" but a shadow—a dream—while the pure and gushing fountains of a noble heart are lavished on the arid soil of an earthly nature! Thus had it been with Marian Walton.

With what a strange distinctness does life revolve on those two wheels—the inner world of feeling, and the outer world of action! Who that had witnessed Marian Walton that evening at her uncle's table, listening to the inane reminiscences of the day's shooting from the sportsmen of the party, and smiling when others smiled, could have guessed the heart's agony concealed beneath that composure? She had something, too, to thank those long dark lashes for, which hid the eyes "heavy with the weight of unshed tears." And scarcely yet could she weep even in the solitude of her own chamber.

CHAPTER II.

Six months had passed; and Marian, still her uncle's guest, clothed from his purse and fed from his table, had nevertheless learned a few lessons which prosperity could not have taught her.

"And you have positively and definitely refused Mr. Grant?" said Mrs. Walton to her niece.

"I have, aunt, indeed," was the reply.

"I think you must be mad," returned the lady: from which courteous and kind rejoinder, we may fairly suppose that in Mrs. Walton's eyes Mr. Grant was an "eligible."

"Surely no madness in refusing a person I positively dislike."

"Rubbish! — in your position."

"Believe me, I am conscious of my position, and extremely anxious to change it."

"Then why throw such an opportunity away? Do you know, Marian, you are neither growing younger nor prettier? I am sure I never saw

any one so altered as you are the last six months."

"My glass tells me the same story."

"Then why don't you show common sense?"

"I will try to do so."

There was something in the tone of Marian's voice which displeased Mrs. Walton, or else she was seeking a vent for her rising anger.

"No impertinence, Miss Marian, if you please," she exclaimed; "I tell you what it is, I believe you were over head and ears in love with that handsome young Hamilton Langley; not that he ever cared a straw for you; I know he did not; he has told your cousin Clara as much. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. I should be shocked to see one of my daughters give way to such folly—that I should."

And in her just indignation at the contemplation of such a horror, the matron bounced out of the room, while Marian drooped her head upon her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"A person of this name wishes to see you, Miss Marian," said a servant who entered about ten minutes after the last scene had closed, presenting a card as he spoke. "I showed him into the breakfast parlor, Miss."

Marian dried her eyes, and moved with alacrity to meet the friend, who evidently, in the servant's opinion, was not a drawing-room visitor. She held out both her hands to a little middle-aged man; who, dressed in rusty black, and with spectacles on nose, and cotton gloves on hand, looked precisely what he was—the trusted and trust-worthy clerk in a large mercantile establishment.

"Dear kind Mr. Matthews," she exclaimed; "how good of you to come this long way from London to see me."

"Not at all—not at all—have not had a holiday these two years—did not want one till now—our people said I might take a month instead of a week, if I liked—quite enjoy the country, for a day or two, but that is enough. Now, dear young lady, are you well? No, not with that pale face—and not happy, or you would not want to go governing. What a shame it is."

"No shame, my good friend, for me to wish for independence. I wrote to you, because I knew that for my poor father's sake you would take some trouble for his daughter. Have your inquiries proved successful, have you found me a situation?"

"It was your father," said honest Matthews, with eyes as tearful as her own, "your father who was my first and generous employer, who in fact made a man of me, and while I have a roof to offer, a pound in my pocket, or a head and a hand to work, you, Miss Marian, shall never want a friend. But I know what you would say, that you wish for independence—there it is;—you have found out, young as you are, that the stranger's bread is bitter—though little ought your own kith and kin to make it seem so. Well knowing that the truest kindness is to please in their own way, I have attended to all your instructions, even to the letter 'of seeking channels where you would not be likely to meet old acquaintances.' I can understand what you mean by saying your relations would care not for the reality of your earning the means of

substance, though they would be offended if you humbled their pride by making public the fact. But, dear heart, how have you come by all this worldly experience?"

"You may well ask. A year ago I was so ignorant that I knew not my own place in this worldly world. Since then I have suffered—and suffering lets in all sorts of knowledge to the heart. But since I am so worldly-wise, it is fit I know if your inquiries have been successful."

"Yes, dear lady. But as I made them to please you after your own fashion, I have pleased myself by trying to serve you by another method. I have hopes—rational hopes—that in consideration of the services of your father's pen to the government in time of need, a pension will be granted to you. Trifling it will be, of course, but still, enough to rescue you from the pangs of dependence or the dread of want."

"My kind and generous, my only friend!" murmured the poor girl, who, overcome by her emotions, again found relief in tears.

"It may be some time before it is arranged," continued Matthews, "and it will be but sixty or seventy pounds a year. Does this make any difference in your plans?"

"Not the least; if you have but found me a home, where I can feel my daily bread is earned."

"I have."

And thus, at something under one-and-twenty, was Marian Walton launched on the ocean of "the world," to buffet its waves, and avoid its rocks and whirlpools, with no compass but PRINCIPLE, and no rudder but the knowledge she had learned "through suffering."

Triste and trite are the annals of "the government." Wearying, monotonous days, months, and years. The shadow of life, without its sunshine. And yet it is a life of services for which—if justly considered, and they are justly performed—no gold can pay; but when will she earn in a life what an opera-dancer receives in a year? Acquirements, too, are demanded from her, ay, and are possessed too, which would put to shame the learned members of many learned bodies who tack half the alphabet, as incomprehensible initials, to their undistinguished names. But she is poor; on her has descended the curse of Adam which the rich can never comprehend. It is hers to toil; to struggle in the crowd for some grains from the harvest—which is so strangely divided, that while garner-houses are full, men starve. She is too right-minded to beg while she has head or hand to work; she is too pure to sell herself for a home, and call it marriage. And so she undertakes the holiest duty a parent could fulfil; and she receives, instead of honor, and praise, and love—too often contempt, insult, and indifference. She is used like a machine so long as wanted; and just on the same principle as a steam-engine must be supplied with fuel, is she fed and clad. No more. And then — Oh! when will Public Opinion be roused and righted; it is the only lever which can move "the world."

Marian Walton, during some years, passed through the usual phases in the life of a governess. As her kind friend, Matthews, had predicted, it was a considerable time before the affair

of the pension was settled; and when at last it was arranged, it seemingly made but a trifling difference in her plans. Yet the real difference to her happiness was great; for in her worldly schooling Marian Walton had learned that money is the representative of power; nay, even of free-will. If Providence spared her life to old age, she had now no dread of lingering out existence on the doled-out alms of rich relations or former patrons. If present ills assailed her, she could often fly from them; and above all she could show, by a thousand little kindnesses to the children of her faithful friend Matthews, that she did not forget his services; as for repaying them, she felt that to be impossible. In short, notwithstanding her early trials, Marian Walton was far more happily circumstanced than the generality of governesses; and, as if to prove the fact, she did not grow prematurely old; on the contrary, she recovered the healthful, cheerful appearance, of which sorrow had for a time deprived her; and perhaps many would have thought her as worthy of personal admiration at eight-and-twenty, as when she was first described to the reader. But what a change is there almost always in the decade which commences at twenty! What a moulding and hardening of character! Alike, and yet how different was the timid, loving, clinging girl, from the still gentle, but resolute, thinking Marian, schooled by "suffering" and "the world!"

CHAPTER III.

MARIAN WALTON had been for a few days the guest of her old friend, Matthews, whose wife and children delighted to do her honor. By the way, the good man had met with a reward for his faithful services, having been admitted a partner in the house to which he belonged.

"And so, my dear young lady," said Mr. Matthews, "you are still determined, even under existing circumstances, to find more pupils?"

"Quite determined. While I live so considerably within my income as actually to add to it, I am rich. Were I at present to endeavor to subsist on my pension, I should be always poor and struggling. No, no; I give myself a holiday now and then, when I feel as free as a bird. But here comes the postman—an answer, I dare say, to the letter I wrote yesterday. Do you know there was an advertisement in the *Times*, to which I replied. Only one pupil, and in London—just what 'under existing circumstances' she added with a smile, 'I should like. Ah; the seal, M. L., the same initials as the address.'"

Marian's hand shook slightly as she read the letter; and she paused a moment before she mentioned the contents.

"How very strange," she exclaimed; "a family I once knew something of, although I never saw the lady, who, I suppose, writes this. And, as if there were not to be a recognition," she continued, "she addresses me as Miss Walters; why, my caligraphy must have been worse than I thought it. She invites me to call on her at two o'clock. I must keep the appointment."

It was the widowed, but richly-dowered mother of Hamilton Langley who sought a governess—and for whom? Not for child or grandchild, but for an adopted pet—a plaything. Her

hopeful son had offended, it was said, past forgiveness. Notwithstanding the promising opening of his career, and his early diplomatic practice, he had made a mistake, and married a wife without a penny. There is an old proverb about wandering through the wood to pick up the crooked stick at last. The lady of his choice, a widow, had neither youth, beauty, nor talent. Half the world said he had been deceived, not knowing that her fortune left her if she married again. The other moiety of the gossips declared that Mr. Langley had found out the blunder just in time to have escaped, but that there was a tall Irish soldier brother in the case, and that the choice lay between a wife and a bullet. (What a happy thing for Marian Walton that she had had no pugnacious relatives!)

It was into a gorgeous apartment that Marian was ushered; but, to a contemplative mind, the mistress of it was a miserable object. Old and feeble, and so deaf, that she knew little that was going on; yet was she attired in all the fripperies of fashion. Gems were upon her thin and wrinkled fingers, and artificial flowers decorated her flaunty cap and false ringlets. By one of those sudden caprices so common to such characters, she took an instant fancy to Marian. Possibly her remarkably sweet voice, which Mrs. Langley said she could hear distinctly, was a key to this high favor. She wished her to come directly—the next day, if possible; and with the pettishness of those unused to contradiction, would scarcely hear of delay.

One redeeming point did there seem to be, which, perhaps, even under ordinary circumstances, might have induced Marian to domesticate herself with such a character. The very instinct which had prompted her to adopt the interesting orphan girl Marian beheld in the room, was a sign that human affection had some hold in her heart. Yet what a sad reaping of a worldly sowing was it, to turn in old age to the stranger for something to resemble the love and tenderness of a child.

But there were other than ordinary feelings which induced Marian to undertake the duties of instructress to little Emma Harding; although she saw at once that to be companion and confidant of Mrs. Langley would be included among them. And she was right. With the garrulity of age Mrs. Langley related her sorrows—telling of her son's faults, by which he had forfeited his claims upon her. How he was a gambler and spendthrift—and how he had crowned all his errors by the fatal marriage. And now came the sure influence—always sure if time be given for its working—of a strong mind over a weak one.

Acquaintances—the rich, old, worldly woman had no friends—acquaintances began to wonder and gossip. There was even a wager that pretty little Emma Harding would be “cut out” by the new comer. The gravest fault the servants could find with Miss Walters (they would call her, as poor deaf Mrs. Langley did—so Marian grew tired of correcting them), was that she was reserved, or, as they called it, close. In a few weeks the management of the family was intrusted to her, and the dependants all allowed that she tempered justice with kindness and generosity. She was not exactly unpopular—though, to

own the truth, people were a little afraid of her. She introduced strange persons to Mrs. Langley—a clergyman very often, and twice a lawyer. There was a will made too, but nobody could even guess at its contents, though a certain lady's maid—who was thought to have ears as sharp as an Arab's—vowed she heard her mistress say to Marian, with sobs and tears, “what you my guardian angel dictate I will sign.”

And so weeks and months passed away; a beautiful bond of affection springing up between little Emma Harding and Marian—while the influence of the latter over Mrs. Langley daily increased. At last there were signs that the shattered worn-out frame was tottering to the grave. Now the old lady kept her room—and now were there urgent entreaties of some sort going on—though no one knew exactly what they were—on the part of Marian, the now acknowledged ruler of the household. Could it be possible that Mrs. Langley had been able to refuse her anything? No, she has yielded whatever the boon might be—and now there is writing of letters and dispatching of messengers, and another consultation with Marian's constant friend—that handsome clergyman.

Three days passed away and death was drawing nearer and nearer. The poor old feeble woman was thought to be insensible, when a travel-worn stranger arrived.

“Mr. Langley—your mistress's son”—was the announcement to the servants. And in a few seconds he stood in the presence of a mother whom he had not seen for five years.

The dying woman was supported by pillows; while at the foot of the bed kneeled Mr. Travers, the clergyman—and at the side Marian Walton, whose face was concealed partly by the draperies of the bed, and partly by her own rich flowing hair. With an effort of expiring nature, Mrs. Langley recovered a momentary consciousness. She stretched out her arms to her son, murmuring in broken sentences, “I forgive—bless you. But—but—it is to her you owe it—it is she that has provided for you on earth—and saved *me* for the hereafter.” Hamilton turned round to the person indicated, and though Marian did not raise her eyes with pride, or reproach, or regret, he staggered back, as if an arrow had reached him.

Pass we over all the cold solemnities of the house of mourning, its pomps and ceremonies. The funeral is over; light once more streams in at the windows, voices are no longer hushed—the involuntary homage to the presence of death. There is the empty arm-chair, and somewhat of an extra bustle and flutter and putting to rights, and every one moves about in sable garments; but the novelty of all this will soon pass away, and then—and then the dead will no longer be missed.

The will has been read. There are legacies to old servants—five thousand pounds to Emma Harding—a diamond ring as a keepsake to Marian Walton—a few charitable bequests—and all, yea all the rest—the houses, and the carriages, and the jewels, and the tens of thousands in the funds, to Hamilton Langley and his infant children. On the last a considerable portion was secured. It now appeared that Hamilton had been a widower for some months, a fact of which his mother was

unconscious; for so bitter had been her anger, that if his letters reached her they were returned unopened. Marian was the appointed guardian of little Emma, and the testament distinctly repeated what, on her death-bed, Mrs. Langley had implied—that in all things she had been guided by Marian. It was the day after the funeral, and she, with her little charge, was on the point of leaving the house, being about for the present to take up their abode with the Matthews family.

Hamilton Langley and Marian Walton chanced to meet in one of the spacious drawing-rooms of that mansion. They were alone—and they had not so met for just nine years. It was an autumn day; and this perhaps, with the circumstance of Marian's mourning garb, brought back to his mind a certain interview on a certain terrace. Rapid was the retrospect of years. How differently were they now placed! There is no telling what prompted him to say—

"How little you are changed, you are only more beautiful!"

"Mr. Langley!" exclaimed the lady in astonishment.

"Marian," he replied, with some show of feeling, "I behaved like a villain to you. If you would only now forget the past—or remember only that—that—we once loved each other."

"Loved?"

"Yes, did we not?"

"Certainly not." And now she raised those eloquent eyes courageously to his, as she continued, "You told me we should live to jest at our flirtation; I can do so I assure you. With falsehood on your side, and fancy on mine, it could be nothing very serious. Believe me nothing cures a woman's heart-wound so readily as the knowledge that the object of her preference is unworthy."

"And yet you have not married."

"True; I will send you cards when I do; and"

"And what?"

"Why, as through your poor mother's influence Mr. Travers has obtained an excellent living, we may shortly hope to draw our long engagement to a close; but there comes Henry himself, he promised to be our escort. Good bye."

"Are you ready, my darling?" said Henry Travers, not seeing at the first moment there was any one else in the room, "and you, Emma, *our* adopted now," stooping to kiss the child who had run after him up the stairs.

THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

In those famed regions, where, in days now far gone,
The beasts could speak intelligible jargon;
The sapient elephant saw within the nation,
Follies and faults which call'd for reformation;

He, longing much the censor's lash to wield,
Convoked, with this intent, a great convention,

Bow'd with his huge trunk, a la Chesterfield,
And then in speech well studied, claim'd attention.
For nearly half an hour he stood declaiming,

A thousand vices and bad habits naming;
Among the rest he touch'd, in due gradation,

Upon disgraceful idleness, and then vi-

luperated foolish affectation—

And haughty ignorance—and malicious envy.

Some of the audience seem'd much edified.

Listening with ears and mouth extended wide,

The faithful dove—and the ingenious bee—

The lamb—the pointer, famed for loyalty—

The docile horse—the ant, of frugal care—

The linnet, and the butterfly, were there:

But no small portion of his hearers then did

Feel with his strictures mortally offended.

The tiger and the cruel wolf growl'd on him,

And what abuse the serpent cast upon him!

The wasp, the gnat, the hornet, and the drone,

Murmur'd against him in an under tone.

Th' ill-omen'd locust would no longer stay,

He with the caterpillar stalked away;

The weasel, framing an excuse, slunk after;

The fox remain'd to play the hypocrite;

The monkey on the censor tried his wit,

Mock'd him, and turn'd his preaching into laughter.

The elephant this shameful conduct viewed

With much sang froid, and thus did he conclude:

"My friends, before ye I do here protest,

To all and yet to none my censures turn'd,

They wake resentment in a guilty breast,

But he who's blameless, hears them unconcern'd."

My fables, to the reader be it known,

Speak to the world, and not to Spain alone,

Nor of these times alone, since they portray

Defects that have been always, as to-day;

And since their lessons are addressed to all,

And not intended to be personal,

He who applies them to himself, I say,

Let him digest their moral as he may.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the seaside. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing up he pulled a great fish out of the water, which said to him:

"Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince; put me in the water again, and let me go."

"Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter: I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please."

Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again.

"Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife.

"No," said the man; "what should I ask for?"

"Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty ditch; do go back and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. He stood at the water's edge and said:

"Oh man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?"

"Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage."

"Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already."

So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlor, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, how happily we shall live!"

"We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage; the courtyard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle."

"Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage."

"Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly; go along and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home then," said the fish, "she is already standing at the door of it."

So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle.

"See," said she, "is not this grand?"

With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and all full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow-houses.

"Well," said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives."

"Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds." So they went to bed.

The next morning, when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said: "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land."

"Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king."

"Then I will," said Alice.

"But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how

can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king."

"Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try; I will be king!"

So the man went away quite sorrowful, to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark gray color, and was covered with foam as he cried out:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish.

"Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king."

"Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other.

"Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?"

"Yes," said she, "I am king."

And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said: "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for."

"I don't know how that may be," said she, "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor."

"Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman.

"Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor."

"Ah, wife," replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing."

"I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly."

So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along: "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said:

"Oh man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor."

"Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and her attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest

giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls: and the fisherman went up to her, and said: "Are you emperor?"

"Yes," said she, "I am emperor."

"As!" said he, as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor."

"Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor; I will be pope next."

"Oh wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? There is but one pope at a time in Christendom."

"Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day."

"But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you a pope."

"Nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope; go and try him."

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore, the wind was raging, and the sea was roused up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress, and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky was a little blue, but toward the south it was all red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled so that his knees knocked together; but he went to the shore and repeated his charm as before.

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater."

"I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed; but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and she awakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore, a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains, with a white crown of foam upon

them; and the fisherman again repeated the charm.

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

THE WRONGED HEART.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

No! Thou didst break the coffers of my heart,
And set so lightly by the hoard within,
That I too learned at last the squanderer's art,—
Went idly here and there,
FILING my soul and lavishing a part
On each, less cold than thou, who cared to win
And seemed to prize a share.

No! Thou didst wither up my flowering youth.
If blameless, still the bearer of a blight!
The unconscious agent of the deadliest ruth
That human heart hath riven!
Teaching me scorn of my own spirit's truth!
Holding—not ME—but that fond worship light
Which linked my soul to Heaven!

THE ERRING.

BY JULIA A. FLETCHER.

THINK gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.
Think gently of the erring!
Oh do not thou forget
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage:
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be,—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

OUR NEW TRIP.—Since our new outfit and clearance, we have received kind greetings and many prosperous-gale-attend-yous from warm-hearted friends on every side, and which we shall try to deserve by our industry in their behalf; and we are particularly thankful for the many words spoken in our Rover's praise by our country brethren of the press: they are our "papers" which we shall keep to show when-

ever an enemy runs athwart our bow. All who have thus tendered us their hand, let them make this return of thanks a "personal matter;" but in the meantime let us clasp the broad, open palms of the "Maine Farmer," of Augusta, and the "Democratic Clarion," of Skowhegan, Maine. We are flattered by, while at the same time we blush at, the welcome "hail" of the former; but we would fain ask how he came to "guess" we were of Down East? Yet we plead guilty to the soft impeachment, and we hope to be there again ere our autumn fruit shall be ripe. And you, Mr. Clarion—how came you to know that we are "a Maine boy, and for several years resided in the adjoining town of Bloomfield?" Are you the big, tall boy that skated against us on the frozen Kennebec one New Year's day, about sixteen years ago, and sent us whirling round and round till we fairly howled with a sprained ankle? If so, look out next time we catch you, for we are a good deal "bigger" now. Well, how are all our folks?—boys and girls all grown up and married, eh? How are all our aunts and uncles, and our twenty-odd cousins? They haven't all gone a-whaling, have they—girls and all? And cousin Kate—the best cousin Kate we ever had—how is she? Married, very likely! Alas! we well remember how much delight we used to take in scratching, with a board-nail, her and our profiles side by side on the kitchen walls. Dear Kate! many a wild frolic we have had together; we have waded the brook or roamed the fields together in summer—we have slid on the ice, climbed the snow-bank together, and snow-balled each other in winter; we have gone to school together, hand in hand; we have wept together, laughed together, and eaten "marm's" bean porridge and apple-sauce together. Give our love to Kate, and to the whole "nation" of cousins who may inquire for us.

By-the-bye, Mr. Clarion, we have a large number of subscribers in Maine, but not one of them hails from Skowhegan or Bloomfield. How is this? Can't you set the ball in motion there? Why, the famous little town of Solon, close by you, sent us a very handsome grist a few weeks ago; and shall we have nothing from Bloomfield or Skowhegan? Where are the Wymans, the McLellans, the Westerns, the Leightons, the Parkmans, the McDermids, the Sheppards? Come, come, gentlemen, club together. We will send six copies of the Rover one year for five dollars, or for ten dollars six copies with elegant steel plate and cover, beside the splendid engraving which accompanies each number of the regular country edition. Mr. Clarion, we commission you to be our agent, or to appoint one for us—premium twenty per cent., or every sixth copy. Now is the time, as the politicians say; let Bloomfield speak, and let Skowhegan echo in a voice that shall drown the thunder of its cataract!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from Harper & Brothers, a very elegant little volume, entitled "Isabel, or the Trials of the Heart. A Tale for the Young." It is instructive and full of interest.

Also, James' celebrated novel of the Ancient Regime—one of his best. It forms number six of the Library of Select Novels.

Also, the twenty-third number of the Pictorial Bible. This elegant work increases in attractiveness as it advances.

From H. G. Daggers, 30 Ann street, we have received Marryatt's popular novel of Midshipman Easy, being number two of his Library of Standard Novels.

THEATRES.—April 14.—Last week concluded the run of "Fashion" at the Park, which has been withdrawn to make room for other engagements. Mr. Anderson is now playing at this house, and we may therefore in good earnest expect something worth seeing. We would advise every person who has not seen this elegant and highly talented actor not to let the present opportunity pass without improving it, for so much merit is not thrust upon us every day.

At the Bowery, during the past week, the business has been exceedingly good. On Monday night, Mr. J. R. Scott, a great favorite, took a benefit, on which occasion was enacted the tragedy of Macbeth.

The Chatham was crowded every evening during the week to see the best delineator of Yankee character on the stage—Mr. Hill. On Friday evening, Mr. Deverna took a benefit, and was complimented by an overflowing house. On Saturday evening, that great actor, and extraordinary man, Mr. Booth, appeared at this house and was enthusiastically received. He plays through the present week. Mr. De Bar is now associated in the management, and we may therefore look for a smacking of better things.

But the most interesting event in theatricals, during the past week, was the production, at Palmo's, of the Antigone of Sophocles. When we saw the announcement we were not led to extraordinary expectations, and were, therefore, when the curtain rose on the first night, most agreeably surprised by the correctness and elegance of the effect. The stage, as far as the size of the theatre would permit, was modeled from the Greek, and the costumes the most correct we have ever seen—truly classic. The first appearance upon the stage of Mr. Vandenhoff, as Cleon, and of Miss Clarendon, as Antigone, made us thrill with admiration and delight. Mr. Vandenhoff's conception and style seemed, as far as we could judge, nearly faultless, and in the closing scenes really great; nor were we less struck with the appearance of Miss Clarendon. Her reading, jestures and attitudes were generally quite correct, and occasionally she appeared like the living model of a Greek statue. If she is lacking in anything, it is power, though we know not where we could find one to supply her place. The chorus seemed with great difficulty to conquer the music of Mendelssohn, though since the first night they have done much better. The music, however, we think too complicated to accompany the Greek drama, as in the time of Sophocles, it was principally confined to loudness and softness, rapidity and slowness, and possessed little more of melody than rhythms and a variation of mode. As a whole the piece is worthy of patronage from our most intelligent and wealthy citizens, and we really think it their duty to come forward to the support of the management in this laudable enterprise. Why not get up an excitement that will tend to support this and similar productions of the classic muse, as well as talk so much about an Italian Opera? We should like to see twenty-five of the wealthiest citizens of New York step up to the manager's office, and deposit one hundred dollars each as a fund. Think of it.

CASTLE GARDEN.—Our city readers have no doubt noticed the extensive alteration and improvements that have been going on at this delightful summer place of amusement. The enterprising managers have fitted up the spacious arena as an elegant saloon, brilliantly ornamented by paintings in fresco, the most perfect of their kind ever before attempted in this country. Early in May the place will be opened with the Italian Opera, and musical novelties. During the warm summer evenings it will no doubt prove the most popular place of amusement in the city. It is large enough to accommodate comfortably eight or ten thousand persons. French & Heiser are the proprietors, and their well known enterprise will insure the success of what they undertake.

It seems to be a season of benefits at the Olympic, which we are glad to perceive are well attended. During the past week the business of the house has been as ever good. On Friday evening of the present week, the gentlemanly treasurer, Mr. Tryon, takes a benefit, and no doubt his friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to answer this his first appeal.

We are proud, and with reason, of the appearance of our Magazine, and would challenge a comparison of it with any other in the country. The press work is from the office of R. Craighead, 112 Fulton street, and the press one of Hoe's single cylinder Napiers.

THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
To Mail Subscribers a Dollar a Volume with plates and cover, and one Dollar a Year without. Two Volumes a Year—in all cases in advance.
Persons procuring five subscribers, who pay in advance, shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

S. B. DEAN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 123 FULTON-ST., NEW YORK.

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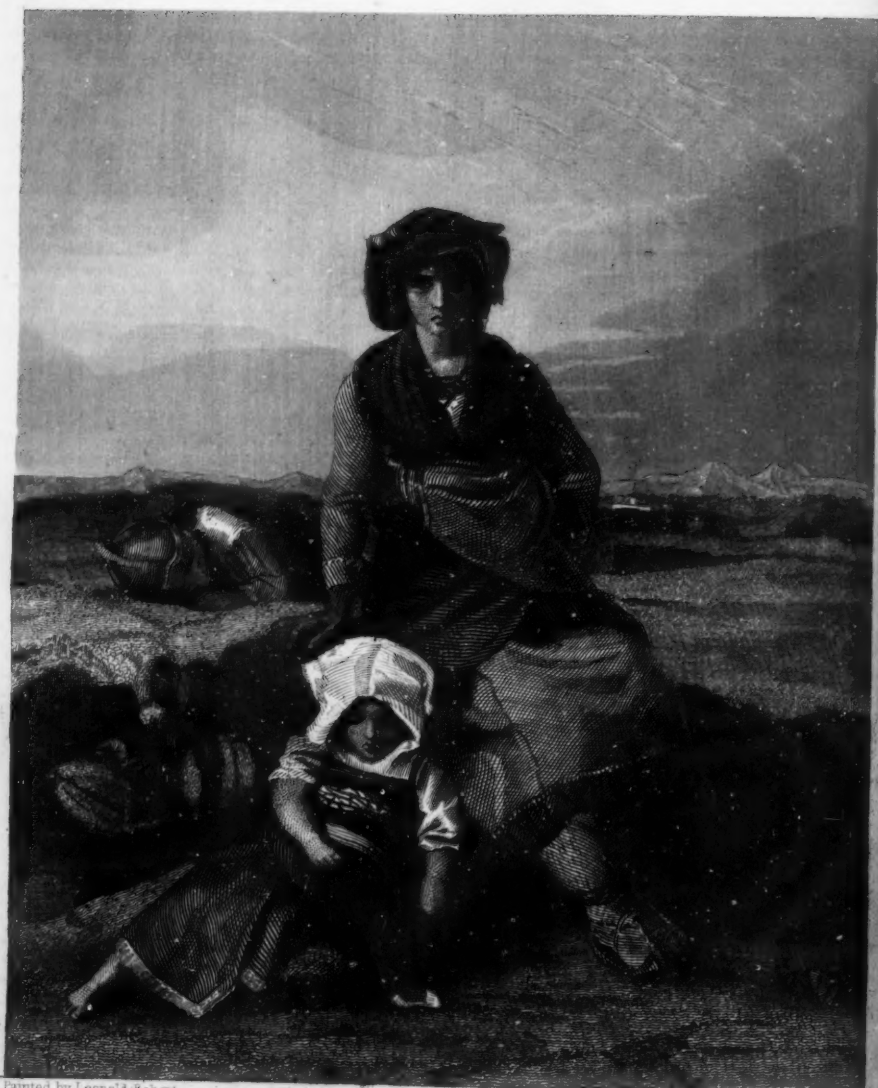
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Painted by Leopold Robert.

Engraved by A.L. Dick.

THE BANDIT'S WIFE.

Engraved for the Rover a Dollar Weekly Magazine.

